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# Hail the Conquering Hero

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**The Smart Set:** Reagan was at least as assiduous—and as winning—at paying court to Washington's other regnant power elites. His visit to the Supreme Court was, so far as its historians could determine, the first by any President-elect since Monroe; he sipped a glass of *blanc* with Chief Justice Warren Burger and swapped sporting reminiscences with Justice Byron (Whizzer) White, once a football All-American. And, where Carter and the Capital's smart set had held one another in mutual dislike, Reagan reached out for its friendship at a party of his own at the tony F Street Club and a dinner thrown for him by columnist George F. Will. The combined guest lists exposed him to a mix of dozens of BP's and VIP's from politics and business, the arts and the media, the churches and the local pro sports teams. Most were surprised to be asked—the Democrats to the point of guessing the invitations were a joke. They weren't. "There is only one letter separating 'President' from 'resident'," Reagan said, toasting Washington on F Street, "and I intend to be both."

He was pursued on his rounds by gossip as to the make-up of his Cabinet—a guessing game he tried in vain to discourage on the ground that he hadn't chosen anyone yet. The best bet on most tip sheets was his friend and campaign manager William Casey for CIA director. George Shultz was said to be leading for State and William French Smith for Attorney General—if Shultz can tear himself away from his Bechtel Corp. presidency and Smith from his rich Los Angeles law practice. William Simon, much promoted for an encore tour at Treasury, has run into opposition for his prickly personality—the opponents including his former boss Gerald Ford. A

boomlet for John Tower as Secretary of Defense encountered static, partly because it might cost the GOP his Senate seat in Texas—and partly because some Reagan men thought he was lusting too openly for the job. Gen. Alexander Haig remained a favored alternative.

**Shopping Lists:** Reagan shrugged off the stories—the work, he said dryly, of "people who know more about it than I do"—and repaired to California at the weekend to begin making his choices. His Kitchen Cabinet shipped him a list of 78 names, four to eight for each major job, but staffers counted it barely more definitive than the newspaper versions. "It's a list, not *the* list," said domestic adviser Martin Anderson. "Reagan has been thinking about this for a long time. He has his own list."

Reagan floated through Washington serenely above the hum of rumor; he owed his success there in part precisely to the fact that he has not yet had to decide anything serious or offend anyone important. A guest at one of his hey-look-me-over dinners last week listened to his tales of how he made Sacramento work and was struck by his innocence—by his resemblance, that is, to all the other fledgling presidents who have blown into town promising to work with Congress, tame the bureaucracy, revivify Cabinet government and change the world. "I'm afraid he's in for some surprises," the guest said. "He doesn't realize what kind of bricks he's going to get hit with." But Reagan could hardly be faulted for believing his notices—or their unanimous verdict that he had conquered the capital he ran so long and hard against.

PETER GOLDMAN with GERALD C. LUBENOW on the Reagan tour, THOMAS M. DeFRANK, ELEANOR CLIFT and GLORIA BORGER in Washington and MARTIN KASINDORF in Los Angeles

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